

Diary of a Mountie - Part the Third Anthills and Americans

by
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(based on COTY)

Day Seven - Friday, August 14
Atlantic Ocean

Great Scott, the Atlantic's one big body of water.

I wonder if this thing can ride out storms. Hope we won't have to find out.

NB: the Lysol is kept in the galley's stores, behind the tea equipment. Vitally important fact, as Prince won't use the toilet.

Day Eight - Saturday, August 15
London, England

I take it back. New York looks nothing like an anthill. A nest of denning chipmunks, perhaps- smaller, simpler, more open. London, on the other hand, would put the termite colonies of Africa to shame. It stands to reason, as the city's older by an order of magnitude. Good heavens, what a mess. I wonder if the cities of Canada will ever look like that.

We haven't landed the dirigible yet. Miss Poppins has had the task of acquiring three of the four remaining League members today; she says the fourth is waiting for us, so that's one less task for her to handle. The first is a monocled gent by the name of Lord Peter Wimsey. I know I ought to recognize the name, but I'll be hanged if I can think of where I heard it. Lord Wimsey gives every impression of being an ornamental gentleman and a waste of time, but there's more to him than that. As Cranston was busy making noises about finding a telephone or telegraph office once we landed, Lord Wimsey was left with me. The man knows his horses- no surprise, as he's one of the gentry. We talked about them for the better part of an hour. Most of it sounded like casual banter, but no one speaks as carelessly as he does only to hit the mark so often by accident. There's a perceptive eye behind that monocle of his, and I think it's for a good deal more than livestock. I'll bet my hat he's twice as much as meets the eye. Wonder if he's the League's money man? It's not the kind of thing that you can put on the national budget, after all.

As for the other two, they're both Americans. One's a big strapping fellow called

Hugo Danner. It took me a while to remember where I'd heard of him; he fought in the Great War, as part of the French Foreign Legion. They called him the Man of Iron, the Lion of the Trenches. The other American... well. I'd heard of him, too, but frankly I thought he was nothing more than a children's story. The stories of Tom Swift and his amazing inventions read like something out of Verne. It was all I could do to greet him properly, as my instinct was to ask if he, like Cranston, was using an alias. I imagine it might have come up in conversation later if he hadn't taken to showing 'round his plans for an electric rifle. Yes, an electric rifle- the thing fires lightning as easily as my service revolver's bullets, and he says it can be tuned to stun instead of kill! Not to mention that it works just as well as a flare as it does a weapon. I'm no engineer, so I couldn't say whether the plans were for real or a bit of American fakery, but if this Swift can build the electric rifle... well. That's a weapon the Mounties could use, all right.

One thing strikes me as odd, though. The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen is a British organization. According to Miss Poppins, it reports to people beholden only to the Crown. The question occurred to me when we picked up Cranston, and it's only grown stronger now... why on Earth is the British Empire calling on so many Americans? Things must be pretty bad, if there are so few extraordinary gentlemen under the Union Jack.